

# Strephon and Cloris,

O R,

## The Coy Shepherd and Kind Shepherdess.

He's fearful that his Flocks should go astray, | That for to stay he finds it is the better  
And from her kind embraces would away, | When flocks & herds & concerns do fail  
But she with charms doth him so fetter, | Love must be satisfied and will prevail.

To the Tune of, *Love will find out the way.* This may be Printed, R. P.



**A**d, Cloris awake,  
it is all abroad day,  
If you sleep any longer,  
our flocks they will stray:  
I've still my dear Shepherd,  
and do not rise yet,  
For 'tis a cold windy Morning,  
and 'twill be so yet.



My Cloris make haste,  
for it is no such thing,  
Our time we do waste,  
for the Lark is on wing:  
Besides I do fancy  
I hear the young Lambs,  
Cry, ha, ha, ha, ha,  
for the loss of their Dams.

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**M**y Shepherd I come,  
though I'm all over sorrow,  
But I swear I'll not love you,  
if you rise so to morrow;  
For methinks 'tis unkind,  
thus early to rise,  
and not bid me good-morrow,  
brings tears from my eyes.

O hark my dear Cloris,  
before thou shalt weep,  
I'll stay to embrace thee,  
regarding my sheep:  
My flocks they may wander  
one hour, two, or three,  
But if I loose thy labour,  
I ruin'd shall be.

I joy my dear Shepherd,  
to hear thee say so.  
It eases my heart of  
much sorrow and woe:  
And for thy reward  
I will give thee a kiss,  
And then thou shalt taste  
of a true lovers Bliss.

But Cloris behold how  
bright Phœbus his Beams,  
Invites us to go  
to the murmuring streams:  
I hear the brave Huntsmen  
doth follow the Cry,  
and makes the Woods ring,  
yet how sluggish am I.

The Hounds and the Huntsmen,  
may follow the Chase,  
Whilst we enjoy pleasure  
in a far better place:  
Thou know'st my dear Shepherd,  
there is no delight,  
Like Lovers enjoyment  
from Morning till Night.

Alas! my dear Cloris,  
what dost thou require,  
The care of my flocks  
doth abate my desire;  
The Lambs are now peened,  
and tender for prey,  
And I fear the sly Wolf  
he should bear them away.

My love do not fear it,  
the Wolf he is dead,  
To take up his Lodging  
in his Dells Bed;  
Then let me embrace thee,  
whilst we do agree,  
And I do promise to go,  
thou shalt after be free:

Oh! Cloris thy words  
are so powerful to me,  
That I could be willing  
to tarry with thee:  
Therefore to content thee,  
one hour I will stay,  
But I vow by God Cupid,  
I will then go away.

Now I have my wishes,  
dear Shepherd we'll part,  
Although thou dost carry  
away my poor heart:  
I bless the great Gods  
that to Lovers are kind,  
To bring us together,  
such Bliss for to find.

Then farewell dear Cloris,  
till I see thee again,  
For now I will haste to  
my flocks on the Plain;  
Where I will record  
thy true love in such Rhimes,  
For Shepherds do admire  
in succeeding times.